

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework. Apply to Mrs. Christensen, Flavel Building. 5-28-1f.

WANTED—SALESMEN. MANY MAKE \$100 to \$150 per month. Some even more. Stock clean; grown on Reservation, far from old orchards. Cash advanced weekly. Choice of territory. Address: Washington Nursery Company, Toppenish, Washington. 9-25-1f

WANTED—APPRENTICE NOT UNDER 16 years old, to learn the handling of furniture. Apply Heilborn & Co. Furniture store. 6-1-1f.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

One house and lot on Commercial street, \$8000.

Two lots on Irving avenue, \$3000.

Two lots on Grand avenue, \$5000.

One lot, Duane street, \$6000.

One lot and one house and lot, Franklin avenue, \$2250.

1000 feet of frontage on Young's Bay, fronting two 5-acre tracts.

900 feet frontage on Young's Bay, entrance Warrenton side, \$20,000. 3 1/2 acres H. & A.

16 acres on Pipe Lines, \$1500.

One double house, lots 150x150; Adair's, \$2250.

One house and lot, Adair's, \$1500.

Four lots and house, Alderbrook, \$1850.

Two houses and four lots, \$5000.

One house and lot; lot 75x150; easy terms; \$850.

THE A. & C. R. R. SOUVENIR CLAM SUGGESTS To any buyer in search of earth. In order to get it for price it's worth, call at 430 Commercial street, where I am. All you have to do is open your clam.

I have cottages by the sea. As the souvenir says come to me, already furnished, ready to sleep or eat, location is sweet; price can't be beat.

O. F. MORTON, 430 Commercial St. Astoria, Ore.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—SUITE OF FURNISHED housekeeping rooms. Enquire 677 Exchange street. 6-2-6t.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—GOLD NUGGET BRACELET Thursday evening at the Astoria Opera House, with the initials of G. E. S. Return to this office and receive reward. 6-1-2t.

LOST—A GOLD BRACELET AN INCH in width; has a scroll design; lost between Higgins & Co.'s store and the depot. Finder leave same at this office and receive reward. 6-4-2t.

LOST—A LADIES' GOLD WATCH ON Eleventh street, or yesterday morning's Seaside train. Return to this office and receive reward. 6-4-1f.

BOARD AND ROOMS WANTED.

WANTED—BOARD OR BOARD AND room in private family by a gentleman; must be central. Address "H.", Astorian office. 6-2-1f.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—UPHOLSTERING AND all kinds of repair work; mattresses made over and returned the same day. Leave orders for Bob Davis, Parker House. 5-26-6t.

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS.

A FINE LOT OF LACE CURTAINS at Henningsen's Furniture Store, 504 Bond. 1mo.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons owing any money to the old firm of Foard & Stokes Co., to pay same by the first day of June, 1907, at the Foard & Stokes Hardware Store. After that date all the old accounts will be turned over to our attorney, Mr. Abercrombie, for collection.

FOARD & STOKES CO. 5-22-10t.

LAUNDRIES.

BUTTON HOLE AT THE BACK. Your experience with it has no doubt lead to much vexation, possibly profanity. Broke your fingernail trying to pry it up from the neck-band, eh? You won't have that that experience if you send your shirts to us; we save you this trouble, and danger of tearing the shirt. Try us and see.

TROY LAUNDRY, Tenth and Duane Sts. Phone 1901

PROPOSALS.

PROPOSALS FOR PUBLIC WORK— Office Constructing Quartermaster, Ft. Columbia, Washington, May 31, 1907. Sealed proposals, in triplicate, for extensions to plank roads and walks at Fort Columbia, Wash., will be received at this office until 12 m., June 19, 1907, and then opened. Information furnished on application. Envelopes containing proposals should be endorsed "Proposals for public work at Ft. Columbia, Wash.," and be addressed to F. W. Phisterer, Capt. Arty. Corps, Qmr. in charge construction, Fort Columbia, Wash.

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FINE PANTS TAILOR
207 Commonwealth Building
PORTLAND OREGON
EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE TRADE

HOUSE MOVERS.

FREDRECKSON BROS.—We make a specialty of house moving, carpenters, contractors, general jobbing; prompt attention to all orders. Corner Tenth and Duane.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NICK PAPAZGERES, THE GREEK DIVER, has just received a new diving machine from the old country. Dives from 25 to 30 fathoms in shallow water stays down half a day at a time. Leave orders at 417 Bond St. Market, or D. Falangos, Clifton.

JAPANESE GOODS.

L. S. ANDERSON
405 Bond St., Corner 9th.
Just received \$1500 worth of Ladies' Underwear. All the latest fancy styles. Also fine line of Wrappers at very reasonable prices.

New Spring Stock Of Chinese Silk Shirt Waists. Finest New Patterns.

\$4.50 and \$5 Waists for \$3 and \$3.25.
\$3.50 Waists for \$2.75

Great Reduction in

Tilt-Kenney Shoes
\$5 to \$6 Shoes For \$4.50.

INEXPENSIVE

JAPANESE FIXINGS, MADE OF BAM- BOO, LIGHT, STRONG, HAND-MADE, TABLES, STANDS, CHAIRS, WHAT-NOTS, COCKCASES, SHELVING, ETC.

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425 Commercial St., Astoria.

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PLEASANT HOUR
—OF—
ENTERTAINMENT

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And Vaudeville that really Amuses and Interests you. Weekly Changes of Program and Each Change an Improvement

SPECIALTIES THIS WEEK

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The Stellar Artist

ELAINE FOREST

High Soprano And Illustrated Song Singer.

MARIE WANDRUTH

Flute Solist, Mistress of all Lady Melodists

FLORINE

Soprano Vocalist

ADMISSION FREE

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DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY
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DENTIST

Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon.

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Finest Hotel in the Northwest.
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Tokio Restaurant
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Opposite Ross, Higgins & Co

First-Class Meals.

Coffee with Pie or Cake 10c

Regular Meals 15c, up

First Class Meal 15c

Coffee with Pie, Cake or Dough-

nuts 10 cents.

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Telephone 1681 Main, 399 Bond Street.

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The Finest 25c meal served in Astoria.
Your Patronage Solicited.

Courteous Treatment to All.

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Old Forester Whiskey

High in Quality and Price

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Best Value on the Coast

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ASTORIA, OREGON

THE SAVOY

Popular Concert Hall.

Good music. All are welcome. Cor-

ner Seventh and Astor.

WINNING MISS EDITH.

By James Heclow.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

"Why so glum?" asked Carl Bray as Millie hurried up. "You look as though you had just come from the funeral of your best friend."

"I come from the burial of hopes," she said. "I had a perfectly horrid time with Aunt Edith this morning."

"Doesn't she want a nephew-in-law?" he asked, growing grave.

"When I told her that I had known you for some time and that you wanted permission to call, she answered that I must have shown how much I cared."

"That's no crime," he said softly.

"Not that," she agreed, "but she said that if I had known you long enough to care for you and you had not sought her permission to pay attention to me you were not the sort of man to make a good husband and that I must never see you again."

"But she never goes into society," he protested, "and we were in love with each other before it ever occurred to us to ask permission of her to do so."

"I told her all that," answered Millie, "but it did no good. When Aunt Edith has her mind made up, there is no use trying to change it."

"There isn't?" he said, with a snap of his determined jaw. "I'll land the old lady yet. You watch me. So don't worry, dear. I'll make her like me whether she wants to or not. Don't you think I can?" he asked as her face did not clear.

"You're a dear," she said hesitatingly, "but Aunt Edith is awfully stubborn."

"But you don't know how fascinating I can be to old ladies," he insisted. "Sometimes I think I should have done better had I given up my business to become a book agent selling something that appeals to old ladies."

"Aunt Edith hates book agents," she said dolefully.

"Well, I'm not one yet," he laughed. "It will all come out all right."

Millie took comfort from his confidence, but Carl was by no means as certain as he tried to appear. Miss Edith Ormsby was not a person to be easily won. She lived in the past. Life



"WON'T YOU TRY A RIDE?" HE ASKED PLEASANTLY.

had stopped for her when the man she was to marry was killed in a railroad wreck.

She had become a recluse in the handsome house at the foot of the Claire street hill. When her sister died and left her little daughter to Miss Edith's care, she had lightened a little the rigors of her life, but she had never gone into society, and she was still of the belief that an honorable suitor first made application to the parents of the girl he loved before he sued for her hand.

When Millie confessed that she loved Carl Bray and he had asked that he might see the old lady, she gasped, realizing what would happen, but she had conveyed his request bravely enough, only to be met by a rebuff.

She had been ordered never to see Carl again, and Miss Edith had departed to interview Dr. King Newhall, who chaperoned Millie when she went out in society.

Carl left the girl with a heavy heart, though his parting was a laughing assurance that all would come right. Almost unconsciously he turned his steps toward the hill. He had half promised to drop over and see how the new coasting bob was working. He and his two small nephews had put a lot of work in the construction of the bobs, and today was the first time there had been a chance to use them.

The Claire street hill was the recognized coasting point. There were no intersecting car tracks, teamsters were used to watching the point, and there was but little traffic.

He found the small boys aglow with pride. By cunningly weighting the sleds the bobs had turned out the fastest on the hill, and Carl readily fell in with their suggestion that he try their speed.

He had made two trips and was preparing for the third when he noticed an old lady standing watching the

boys. There was a wistfulness in her eyes that appealed to him, and he stepped up.

"Won't you try a ride?" he asked pleasantly. "The hill is in splendid shape."

"Nonsense!" was the energetic reply. "I have not ridden on those things since I was a little girl."

"All the more reason you should seek to renew the pleasure," he smiled. "It's great fun."

"The last time I coasted down this hill was in the winter of 1872. I was nineteen then."

"Be nineteen again," he pleaded, held by the look of longing in her eyes. "It's helped me wonderfully today. I'll be careful. Will you come?"

Carl had spoken the truth when he told Millie that he was successful with the old ladies. There were a genial frankness in his manner and an honest look in his face that won regard and confidence. For a moment the old lady hesitated; then with a little laugh she stepped off the curb.

"If any one sees me I shall tell them that you hypnotized me," she warned as, smiling with excitement, she took her place on the seat. Carl took the tiller, and Ben and Bobby gained a running start before they threw themselves on.

They shot down the hill with an easy motion that deceived as to the speed. The trees lining the sidewalk flew past, and twice Carl forged ahead of some other sled, and his passengers echoed the triumphant shouts voiced by the boys.

She rose reluctantly as they at last came to a stop. Her eyes sparkled, and there was a soft flush in her yellow cheeks. "I was nineteen for awhile," she smiled at Carl. "I did not imagine that I should enjoy it so."

"Try it again," he urged promptly. "I'll help you up."

For a moment she wavered; then, accepting the proffered arm, she started back up the hill. They stood chatting at the top while waiting for the boys to drag up the heavy bobs. She told of the old days, while he listened with respectful attention, and once or twice she even joined his good natured banter as some of the boys they had passed came along.

Then the boys arrived with the bobs, and a second time she carefully tucked her skirts about her and prepared for the swift descent. This time three sleds started out together to race. She entered into the spirit of the occasion and nearly lost her balance looking back to see how far behind they were leaving their competitors.

So intent upon the race was she that as the bobs came to a stop she never noticed the horrified young woman standing on the sidewalk until a shocked "Auntie!" attracted her attention.

"Don't you say a word about my rheumatism," she ordered briskly. "This young gentleman has given me back my youth, and you don't have rheumatism when you're only nineteen."

"Want to have a ride, too, Millie?" laughed Carl. His passenger faced him quickly.

"Do you mean to say that you are the young reprobate who has been trying to steal my girl away?" she demanded.

"You've got it all wrong," he explained. "I'm not a reprobate, and I'm not trying to steal Millie. We never expected to leave—that is, unless you want us to."

"And this was all part of a plan to gain my good humor?" she went on.

"Believe me," he said earnestly. "I had no idea who you were. It seemed to me that you wanted to take a trip, and it had done me so much good that I wanted you to try it."

For a moment her sharp eyes searched his face. Then she put out her hand.

"I believe you, Carl," she said. "Suppose you come home with Millie and me and talk it over. I suppose that even courtships are different nowadays, so I shall not hold that against you."

Carl lingered in the hall to struggle with his overcoat and to whisper to Millie. "I told you so." Miss Edith heard the soft sound that followed, but she only smiled indulgently, for Carl had won two hearts instead of one.

The following anecdote is related of Judge Thornton, who was chief justice of the court of common pleas in New Hampshire and judge of the superior court of the state in the eighteenth century.

While he was presiding in the common pleas a counsel who was making the closing argument to the jury in a protracted case on a warm afternoon discovered that the presiding judge on the bench was absorbed in reading a book, and his associate was soundly sleeping by his side. The advocate turned to the jury and, with indignant emphasis, remarked, "Gentlemen, my unfortunate client has no hope but in your attention, since the court in their wisdom will not condescend to hear his case!" Of course there was no sleeping on the bench after that, but Judge Thornton looked up from his book and remarked: "When you have anything to offer, Mr. —, which is pertinent to the case on trial the court will be happy to hear you. Meantime I may as well resume my reading."

Suspiciously Bad Cold.

"Why do you ask me where I was last night?" he queried. "Didn't I phone you specially that I was nearly dead with a cold and was going straight home and go to bed?"

"Yes," she assented, "and I would have believed you, too, if you hadn't coughed so terribly over the phone."—New York Press.

Remarkable Rescue

That truth is stranger than fiction, has once more been demonstrated in the little town of Polara, Tenn., the residence of C. V. Pepper. He writes: "I was in bed, entirely disabled with hemorrhages of the lungs and throat. Doctors failed to help me, and all hope had fled when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. Then instant relief came. The coughing soon ceased; the bleeding diminished rapidly, and in three weeks I was able to go to work. Guaranteed cure for coughs and colds. 50c and \$1.00 at Charles Rogers Drug Store. Trial bottle free.

Cured Hemorrhages of the Lungs

"Several years since my lungs were so badly affected that I had many hemorrhages," writes A. M. Ake, of Wood, Ind. "I took treatment with several physicians without any benefit. I then started to take Foley's Honey and Tar, and my lungs are now as sound as a bullet. I recommend it in advanced stages of lung trouble." Foley's Honey and Tar stops the cough and heals the lungs, and prevents serious results from a cold. Refuse substitutes. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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